

Invade

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Invade

Ben Price was beyond incredible tonight so I wrote this...

* * *

><p>David left and the air inside my lungs was released in a sigh. His constant questions set me on edge because I didn't have the answers. I stared at my almost empty glass then swirled the last drops of orange juice around the bottom. I stared intensely at them, the orange liquid circulating the glass as my brain went into overdrive. <p>

Bethany. Harry. The shampoo. Godparent. Sarah. David. Carla.

My phone vibrated in my pocket and I retrieved it, my hand not quite steady.

"Are you coming back? I'm starving! xxx"

>It made me chuckle slightly because I knew Carla could've made her own food, but she waited for me. She always waited for me. <p>

But tonight I was unsure whether I wanted to return, if I wanted to lie. I knew I should go back and tell Carla everything that had happened, but how could I when I didn't know what had happened myself?

I was angry, no disheartened, that we'd lost the place in Devon. It was modern, it was just us and it could've worked. But I wasn't angry about it, there were other places in Devon that we both liked.

Ugly. How could someone so small and innocent be ugly? And I lost it,

something clicked in my head that made me lose it - something that hadn't clicked in such a long time. And as it clicked I had no control, it was as if someone was moving my arms and my strength couldn't stop them. I couldn't make a choice, I had to act, I had to get rid of the girls. Whatever invaded me told me I needed to lash out, all the emotions that had built up needed to be released. I had to get rid of them. They were stronger than I was. They had to get out.

It was all over so quickly and the fear in Bethany's face broke my heart. I'd scared her when my role was to protect her. But as soon as it was over I felt lighter, as if I wasn't being invaded and I was shocked at myself. I was shocked because in day to day life I couldn't see myself being violent and the thought that I could snap so quickly was terrifying. I terrified myself.

My thoughts were distracted my Michelle coming to pick up my empty glass; she gave me a sympathetic smile - she thought my down mood was the place in Devon. It was so much more.

* * *

><p>"Hey there you are," Carla said as I opened the door to the flat. Our flat.<p>

"Yeah sorry, ended up in the pub with David," I tell her and I wasn't lying, yet. Because I had been at the pub with David and then at the pub alone. But my head was a place that was never truly alone.

"I made some dinner, it's not very good..." Carla continued talking about the food she'd made as she put it on the table. I couldn't listen because I was busy, too busy thinking about what to tell her when she asked about my day.

"How was your day?" Carla asked me before I was ready, before I'd thought of a reasonable lie.

"Nothing, spent the last few hours with my Mum," I ended up saying because it wasn't strictly a lie, I was just avoiding some parts of my day. I could tell Carla the truth, tell her I thought I was struggling again, that my symptoms were coming back, that I was struggling to control my emotions. But I was scared. Scared of myself I suppose and the idea of losing Carla; if she couldn't cope she'd leave me, if I snapped at her she might not cope. I couldn't not have Carla, that wasn't an option.

I let out a yawn as I sat in the seat and I sat heavily; it was as if the invasion in my head, the loss of control was pushing upon me.

"Must be so tiring doing nothing all day," Carla joked, her emphasis on the word "so" made me smile, a genuine smile.

"Yeah, it's so tiring," I replied in a tone equally sarcastic to Carla's. But I was tired and my head hurt. It really hurt. I wanted to constantly rub my temples to ease the pain but the pain wasn't just physical.

The events replayed and replayed over in my head and I scared myself; throwing a bag in a road seemed like nothing but it's something you

should control. But as I pulled the bag, as I released the bag I had no idea what I was doing till it was done.

The fact I couldn't control myself was the scariest part. When my mind was invaded I couldn't control anything and who knows what could happen next.

* * *

><p>If you haven't already, please vote Ben in this year's soap awards x

End
file.